

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

THE DAY OF ANDREW JACKSON.

The Eighth of January. It is a day for Democrats to take counsel—to draw inspiration from the deeds of the great leaders of their party—to turn from little men and little ideas to the colossal figures that created the might of Democracy.

On this day eighty-four years ago Andrew Jackson saved the city won for the United States by Thomas Jefferson. With his motley array of Tennessee and Kentucky backwoodsmen, Louisiana Creoles, free negroes, West Indians and Baratarians he routed the finest army England had ever sent across the Atlantic, killing and wounding 2,100 of the enemy, with a loss of four killed and thirteen wounded on his own side.

Among the men that stood by Jackson's side that day against the onset of the veterans with whom Wellington had broken the charm of Napoleon's invincibility were natives of Louisiana—people who had been transferred to the United States in Jefferson's purchase without their consent. Nine years' experience of American rule had made them loyal defenders of the American flag, as a shorter experience of the same sort would make the Filipinos.

If Jackson were living now what would be his advice on the situation that confronts us?

His own words supply the answer: "Let it be signified to me through any channel," he wrote to Monroe in 1817, "that the possession of the Floridas would be desirable to the United States, and in sixty days it will be accomplished." He advocated the annexation of Texas. He devoted his life to the advancement of the power and the greatness of America.

Under Jackson's leadership the Democracy became pre-eminent as the party of militant, progressive, uncompromising Americanism. It stood for expansion wherever the national arm could reach. It tried to push our boundaries to Alaska in the north—"fifty-four forty or fight." It carried them eight hundred miles to the south. It strove to secure Cuba. If the slavery disruption had not checked its course it would have finished the war with Spain thirty years ago, and the Philippines would have been as much at home under the Stars and Stripes as Alaska.

From Jackson to Bailey! It is a melancholy transition, but let the Democracy take courage. Great men are not born every year, and a party that has been inspired by their leadership in the past can get along without them for a time if it will take care to cherish the example and follow the precepts they have bequeathed.

SPANISH BAD FAITH AT ILOILO.

The Spanish press denies that there was any impropriety in the surrender of Iloilo to the Philippine insurgents, and maintains that the Spanish authorities were complying with the peace treaty in carrying out their evacuation as rapidly as possible.

That is a matter that is easily settled by a reference to the treaty itself. Turning to the text of that document in last Sunday's Journal we find in Article V. this provision:

Spain will, upon the exchange of the ratifications of the present treaty, proceed to evacuate the Philippines, as well as the island of Guam, on terms similar to those agreed upon by the Commissioners appointed to arrange for the evacuation of Porto Rico and other islands in the West Indies under the Protocol of August 12, 1898, which is to continue in force until its provisions are completely executed.

Thus it appears that Spain is pledged to evacuate the Philippines after the exchange of ratifications of the treaty and to do it in the manner agreed upon by the Commissioners who arranged for the evacuation of Porto Rico and Cuba. This method was for the Spanish forces to deliver one place after another, according to a definite programme, the Spaniards marching out as the Americans marched in, and the flag of the United States going up as the flag of Spain came down.

But General Rios, without waiting for the exchange of ratifications, or for any arrangement with the Americans, surrendered Iloilo to the insurgents, although he knew that an American force was on its way from Manila to take possession of it. By so doing he deliberately, unnecessarily, and apparently intentionally, complicated our position, and brought us in danger of a war that must be to the last degree distasteful to the American people.

There is another point. The \$20,000,000 to be paid by the United States to Spain represents the value of the public works in the Philippines. Now if these works are not delivered by Spain to the United States, but are handed over to a third party, from whom we have to take them if we can, by what right does Spain ask us to pay for them? If Spain has nothing to sell and the Filipinos have something, why not settle with the Filipinos instead of with the Spaniards?

THE TRUST-RIDDEN AMERICAN.

And now the bedstead makers line up and form themselves into a Trust. The wall of the Harlem Hall Roomers' Protective Association will be heard in the land protesting against a step that will lead to the landladies arranging their mattresses on the floor or setting their husbands to work at making amateur beds out of old soap boxes. The increased tax on sleep demanded by the bedstead manufacturers makes life harder than ever. The only time when an American is not paying tribute to some Trust or other is when he is at peace in the grave. It wouldn't surprise him if the cemetery owners combined to get higher rentals.

NO POLICE RULE FROM ALBANY.

The casual remark in Governor Roosevelt's message that he may send a further communication to the Legislature on the subject of "the evils of the New York police system," which he describes as having become "very serious," is significant. It means that he will resort to the old Republican trick of making political capital out of the Democratic administration of affairs in this city.

While the Governor has not outlined his plan for curing "the evils" referred to in his message, he will not want for suggestions. Mr. Platt, who is consulted on some subjects and ignored in others, will probably be called on for advice. He knows the political value of a Lexow investigation made along partisan lines. He also realizes how necessary it is for the Republican party to array the country against the city, and no better scheme has been devised than impressing the rural representatives with the corruption of New York City, the incompetency of its officials and the extravagance of its government.

Governor Roosevelt's personal conduct of the Police Department was not a conspicuous success. He was illiberal and contentious. He interfered with the liberty of the citizen, and harassed him by the enforcement of Puritanical ideas. The voters of this city repudiated him and the administration that was responsible for him at the first opportunity.

New York City is entirely capable of putting its own house in order. It wants no interference from a Legislature controlled by politicians who are striving to hide their own bad records by making charges against others.

This great city is entitled to the blessing of self-government. Governor Roosevelt cannot devise any plan that will not be detrimental to its interests.

THE PUGILISTIC CONFIDENCE GAME.

The assertion that a fool is born every hour bears the stamp of antiquity. It can be brought up to date with ease by substituting for "every hour" the words "every minute." When a horde of bullies can gully the public into the maintenance of the "manly art," as nowadays exemplified, by contributing tens of thousands of dollars for the privilege of seeing two rascally pug-uglies pretend to mail each other for a substantial consideration, the limit in the production of fools seems to have been reached.

The advance sale of tickets for the "contest" between those distinguished members of society, "Kid" McCoy and Tom Sharkey, to be held next Tuesday evening, is reported to be huge. New Yorkers are not wholly responsible, for which we may be thankful. The "out-of-town sport"—the man with a big roll and a diamond stud—is much in evidence. He has peeled off that roll twenty and fifty dollar bills to secure seats for Tuesday's spectacle.

He hopes to see a butchery to make a Gotham holiday. If he be disappointed, who but himself is to blame? Was not the result of the "boxing exhibition" between the said Sharkey and the illustrious "Pompadour Jim" enough to make any reasonable man keep his money in his pocket?

The public has only itself to blame if it is being gulled right and left by the "crimps" of the pugilistic community. The game of fistcuffs has something to be said for itself. As a vehicle for the purloining of the public's spare cash it is an abomination.

The fundamental rule of all betting is: "You cannot lose where you cannot win." An honest referee, honest enough to transgress all precedent and create a new ruling to fit the occasion, prevented the wholesale robbery of the public when Sharkey met Corbett, but neither he nor any other man can refund the dollars paid at the doors of the so-called "club," taken from their owners by methods that are little short of felonious.

The existing law regulating boxing exhibitions in this State was to all appearances designed with a genuine intention of allowing such displays of pugilism as would foster a manly, healthy use of Nature's weapons in the rising generation. Whatever its original purpose, it has been twisted and distorted until it remains but an instrument to enable a class of confidence men who have not even the merit of polish and suavity to gain dishonest fortunes at the public's expense.

When Mr. Bryan desires to address the Democrats of the nation in opposition to expansion he speaks through the Journal.

When Mr. Croker desires to address the Democracy in advocacy of expansion he speaks through the Journal.

When Ex-Governor Altgeld and Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, desire to explain the condition of politics in Illinois they speak through the Journal.

The Journal recognizes the fact that its position as the great clearing house of Democratic information and opinions imposes upon it certain obligations that do not ordinarily rest upon a newspaper. Therefore, when it received Mr. Croker's exclusive statement on the subject of expansion it did not keep it carefully to itself, but sent proofs to the offices of all its contemporaries. In publishing the document the Tribune and Times courteously gave the Journal credit. Others did not.

The Journal, of course, does not mind this. It is concerned merely in giving the views of Democratic leaders the widest circulation. It is in that spirit that it publishes this morning an argument from Mr. Bryan in favor of the ratification of the treaty.

THE REWARD OF HONEST ENDEAVOR.

The Evening Journal has begun to publish a series of letters from its readers discussing the causes that have led to the remarkable success of the paper and the reasons for its pre-eminence over all competitors. The letters are highly interesting and teem with valuable advice and suggestions. The most varied reasons are assigned for the Evening Journal's triumph, but it is gratifying to note that most correspondents point to honesty of purpose as the chief factor in its wonderful development.

Although the Evening Journal's popularity has long ago been demonstrated by its circulation, these warm testimonials of good will are none the less pleasing.

There have already been received in the neighborhood of five thousand letters of this kind, and each mail brings new ones. Many of them will be printed in the Evening Journal from day to day, but there is no prospect of finding room for all.

OUR ENTERPRISING CONTEMPORARY, the Press, answers one of the Filipino objections to our demands by a reference to "the text of the treaty published in the Press of yesterday." And then it proceeds to quote Article VI. of the treaty, word for word as it appeared in the Journal a week ago. Does our contemporary think it was really quite fair to its readers to make them wait for that important document until it got it from Washington on Friday, when it might have copied it from the Journal on Monday?

Literally Constructed.

"A person must go through many trials before he can succeed conspicuously in this life," remarked the philosopher.

"It needs so," answered Senator Sorghum, gravely, "especially if he lives in Pennsylvania."

Stress of Circumstances.

"Do you think," asked the man of rigid standards, "that a man has any right to interest himself in law cases when he is a Government official?"

"Well," answered the Pennsylvania man, "when he's the defendant, what is he going to do about it?"—Washington Star.

PRATTLE BY AMBROSE BIERCE. A Transient Record of Individual Opinion.

ROBSON rose and Hobson set, and the man-whippers had their will of him, to the permanent damage, it is feared, of their supple spines. I dare say it is right to do homage to—well, to almost any one upon whose lucky now the breeze of opportunity has blown the laurel. I suppose, indeed, it is not only proper, but creditable, to flex the leg and how the "corrigible neck" before "heroes" of all the various kinds. I do not deny that it is done in the public interest, even; I only wonder how any one can do it.

But if voluntary prostration before "greatness" is incomprehensible, what suitable word is left for the act of assisting at one's own exaltation? Doubtless a man attending a reception or other show given in his honor—deliberately and in cold blood placing himself at the focal point of convergent streams of admiration for the avowed purpose of letting them beat upon him—can explain and justify his grotesque performance in a dozen ways intelligible to his own understanding and to that of his least self-satisfied adorer. It is no great feat to persuade oneself that one is not pleased by adulation, but only concerned to gratify the adulators. Just why the adulators ought to be gratified the distinguished person accepting their homage probably does not think to ask himself. For my part, I know of but one reason; while worshipping another they are not adorning themselves.

Apocryphos of heroes, the Bishop of London has been addressing the Social and Political Education League about them, and sums up his thought as follows: "History, if properly read, tends to show that, after all, the great man is the good man." If that means that the good man only is really great there is nothing to say against it; but if it means that men of uncommon intellectual power are more likely to be good than others are the history that tends to show it may indeed be properly read, but it is certainly not properly written. It has been colored by prejudices and prepossessions, by ignorance of facts or faulty deductions from facts known, or by cold, calculated lying. The appeal to history will be themselves great and good. As matters are, the more of it you read, and with the clearer understanding, the less of it you believe. Persons who "appeal to history" seem seldom to understand that they are flourishing a decision of Judges without a mandate, of whose fitness and veracity they have no knowledge but the loosest kind of hearsay evidence. A fruitful source of error in history is the contagion of biography—and biographers are the most hardly and impudently liars of the entire literary craft. Nine times in ten the biographer begins his work as an enthusiastic admirer of his subject—otherwise he would hardly undertake the work. That fact in itself strongly discredits his competency as a witness. In the remaining instance he commonly writes himself into that frame of mind in the first hundred pages, and all the rest must be taken with allowance. The lives and characters of the notable personages of the world as portrayed in history are about as "like" as a portrait by a fashionable photographer or a famous painter. They are John Doe as he may have wished he was after gathering the advantages of being otherwise. I know of but two historical personages who were at once both great and good: Adam, who had not an enemy in the world, and Louis the Eleventh of France, who, having only such as he had overlooked, forgave all those that he had remembered.

Kansas has thrown up another curio: Governor Stanley declares that he will not sign the death warrant of a gentleman who had the cen-

sorious nature to murder his father. His reason is that he is opposed to the death penalty—whereas in he differs from the condemned man, who indicated it for so trivial an offense as parricide. Capital punishment may or may not be right, but it does seem odd that any one should for a moment doubt the expediency of hanging a Kansas man.

From a paper read before a "Council of Education" I take the following confession: "Our work is weakest in the section of poetry and fiction and in the sense of what is fitting and beautiful in literary form."

Still, we are making progress: I am told that in some of our most "advanced" institutions of learning" Sir Walter Scott's romances are used in reaching the geography of Scotland. You see, we already know what poetry is for.

It is ascertained beyond a doubt that the plague in India is spread mainly by religious pilgrims and rats. A bounty of half an anna each is now paid for slain rats, but nothing as yet for slain pilgrims. Sanitation in India moves slowly, impeded by the prejudices of the people.

For immediate publication is announced "Strategy and Tactics at Santiago de Cuba." There were no strategy and tactics at Santiago de Cuba; there was a contest of endurance between famine and pestilence.

Eagan and Miles, two soldiers brave, Now spring into the fray With dreadful energy! God save Their enemies to-day!

They charge, they stamp, they strike, they about— The country's all arrear! Each laying sturdily about Provides abundantly gore.

What fires their military might To deeds beyond belief? It is each other that they fight— The cause of battle, beef.

Senor Sagasta signifies his solemn conviction that America is guilty of levity. Si, Senor, we take your misfortune less seriously than you do yourselves. It is true America is somewhat over-given to joking. It is true, too, that Spain is not a joker. She is a joke.

Concerning the Nicaragua Canal project the London Times, pointing out that under the Clayton-Bulwer treaty Great Britain possesses equal rights with the United States, adds:

"But if the freedom of the waterway were secured to ships of all nations, as in the case of the Suez Canal, we do not see what object we should have in standing strictly upon claims which originated when the circumstances were altogether different."

From similar utterances of other English newspapers (which have the national peculiarity of representing enlightened public opinion and further enlightening it) it is obvious that the Times expresses the true British feeling in the matter. Some of our own newspapers and politicians are trying to make it appear, first, that Great Britain has no rights in the premises, and, second, that she is putting obstacles in the way of ours—demanding a high price for assent to the canal, and so forth. That is characteristic of their species. The smoke of the last gun fired in the Spanish war had hardly blown away when they set about creating a new soul under the rotting ribs of the discredited old Anglophobia, six months dead and damned. Doubtless they will soon be in full cry again, and before the close of the present ses-

sion of Congress the dead old familiar shout, "British gold!" will go ringing through the Capitol like an audible bad odor, and we shall see the printed words spotting all the silliest newspapers of the land. As a hope of escape from this dismal outlook we have the prospect of death.

Gomez—Senor, have they all gone? Brooke—Every mother's ugly son of them. After four centuries of oppression Cuba is free!

G—How charming! Can we ever sufficiently thank our good friends, los Americanos? Surely the dear God will reward them!

B—Don't mention it, old man; we shall collect the reventos.

G—Ah, you will assume that labor? It will be what you call no peckeeek and the country is so desolated! The snms will be small.

B—Maybe we shall find a way to increase them—marital law is fruitful in expedients.

G—There will hardly be time, senor, during the American occupation; the new Government of Cuba Libre will come forth in a night, like a young giant, and relieve you of the cares of State.

you fairly have settled into the seats of t-mighty. How enchanting the prospect!

B—You dance well for so old a chap.

G—Pardon, senor—my spirits are so exorbitant!

B—Exuberant. (Enter an orderly with a letter bearing a large seal.)—Hello!—something from the President.

G—(Groaning)—El Presidente? God o' my son.

And I have the distinguished honor to behold it. Senor, I salute you and retire.

B—Hold on; let's see what Mac says. (Reads.)

"General, you will proceed at once to the sanitary improvement of Havana, according to the plans of the late Colonel Waring. It is thought that this will not require more than ten years."

G—Ten years!—¿¿¿¿¿

B. (reading)—"The Bureau of Military Roads, Railways and Telegraphs estimates that a system of intercommunication necessary to establishment of self-government and public security can be completed in twenty years."

G—Madre de Dios! Twenty years! And I am seventy-five!

B. (reading)—"It is believed that by fifty years the island will so far have recovered from the ravages of war (recuperation being rapid in tropical countries) that nothing will be wanting to the prosperity of her gallant people but a general education and final revision of the tariff as will eventually fit them for whatever self-reliance condition it may please an all-wise Providence to" (Gomez falls in a convulsion.) "accord them."

Orderly. (saluting)—The colored gentleman has swallowed his teeth, sir.

Extract from a pulpit story in a popular magazine: Progressing to the outward extremity of the pier, she made arrangements for her demise by laying the letter on a prominent object, whence it would be sure to be discovered. Then, approaching the edge and gluing her eyes on the black and icy waters, she gave way to the gloomiest forebodings. At that moment her ear was arrested by human voices. "I'm sure she directed her course toward this point," said one. "Then I trust that success will crown our efforts to forestall any undesirable action on her part," said the other. The familiar words thrilled her to the core! A moment later she was locked in the arms of the father that bore her, and so they remained for a considerable period, with tears in each other's eyes.

"Ours is a Christian Army," so he said.

A regiment of bachelors who led.

"And ours a Christian Navy," added he.

Who sailed a thunder-junk upon the sea.

Better they know than men of peace can do.

What is an army and a navy, too.

Pray God there may be sent their way-and-by.

The knowledge what a Christian is, and why.

For somewhat lately the conception runs

Of a brass-banded Jesus firing guns.

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK CONDENSED.

"AYLWIN," BY THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

- 1.—Day's Work. RUDYARD KIPLING. 500 copies sold.
- 2.—Adventures of Francois. WEIR MITCHELL. 500 copies sold.
- 3.—The Book of the Week. T. J. McBRIDE & SON, The Arcade.

- 1.—Ave Roma. F. MARION CRAWFORD. 500 copies sold.
- 2.—Day's Work. RUDYARD KIPLING. 500 copies sold.
- 3.—The Book of the Week. JOHN WANAMAKER.

- 1.—Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. 650 copies sold.
- 2.—Aylwin. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. 500 copies sold.
- 3.—The Book of the Week. BRENTANO'S.

OF the five popular books of the week indicated by the city's popular book-sellers only "Aylwin" remains to be reviewed here. Its author is an excellent critic of literature. He had the friendship of Tennyson, Browning, William Morris and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Meredith and Swinburne admire him. He describes them all casually in this novel, under disguises that the initiated penetrate easily. The hero is a Cymric child. He tells his story as follows:

"On the morning after a great landslide, when the coast guard, returning on his beat, found a canoe where, half an hour before, he had left his own canoe growing. I, in spite of all warnings, had climbed the heap of debris from the sands, and while I was hallooing triumphantly to two companions below, a great mass of loose earth settled, carrying me with it in its fall. I became a cripple. The wheels of my life have since been turning—this is that for two years during the impressionable period of childhood I walked on crutches."

He was seated on the edge of the cliff one Summer afternoon, lamenting his infirmity, when the sound of a child's voice singing came to him. He restrained himself and did not yield to the feeling that impelled me to throw my arms about her neck in an ecstasy of wonder and delight.

After a second or two she again threw back her head to gaze at the sky.

"Look," she said, suddenly clapping her hands, "it's over both of us now."

"What?"

"The Dinker," she said, the Golden Hand. She and Rhona both say the Golden Hand brings luck."

"What is luck?"

"I looked up at the little cloud, which to me seemed more like a golden feather than a golden hand. But I soon bent my eyes down again to look at her."

"While I stood looking at her the fall figure of a man came out of the church. This was Tom Dooley, the great organist of Raxton. 'New Church,' Tom was also for a few extra shillings a week a custodian of the 'Old Church,' this deserted pile within whose precincts we now were. Tom's features were an expression of virtuous indignation, which muzzled me and evidently frightened the little girl. He looked the door and walked unthinkingly toward us. He seemed surprised to see me there, and his features relaxed into a bland civility."

"This is (hiccup) Master Aylwin, Winifred," he said.

"The child looked at me again with the same smile. Her alarm had died."

"I was astonished. I never knew that Wynne had a daughter, for, intimate as he and I had become, he actually never mentioned his daughter before."

"My only daughter," Tom repeated.

"He then told me, with many hiccups, that, since her mother's death (that is to say, from her very infancy, Winifred had been brought up by an aunt in Wales. 'Quite a lady, her aunt is,' said Tom proudly, and Winifred has come to spend a few weeks with her father."

Winifred's father was a drunkard and Master Wynne was a high priest for assent to the canal, and so forth. That is characteristic of their species. The smoke of the last gun fired in the Spanish war had hardly blown away when they set about creating a new soul under the rotting ribs of the discredited old Anglophobia, six months dead and damned. Doubtless they will soon be in full cry again, and before the close of the present ses-

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